Alb. We will greet the time.

Bast. To both these sisters haue I sworne my loue,
Each iealous of the other, as the sting are of the Adder,
Which of them shall I take, both one
Or neither; neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: to take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonorill*,
And hardly shall I carry out my side
Her husband being aliue. Now then wee'l vse
His countenance for the battell, which being done
Let her that would be rid of him deuise
His speedy taking off: as for his mercie
Which he extends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The battell done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit*

Alarum. Enter the powers of France ouer the stage, Cordelia with her Father in her hand.

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this bush
For your good hoast: pray that the right may thriue.
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort. *Exit*

Glo. Grace go with you sir.

Alarum and retreat. *Enter Edgar.*

Edg. Away olde man, giue me thy hand, away,
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter tane:
Giue me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No farther sir, a man may rot euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts agen? Men must endure,
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on. *Exit.*

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia prisoners.

Bast. Some officers take them away, good guard,
Vntill their greater pleasures best be knowne
That

That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning haue incurr'd the wor
For thee oppressed King am I cast downe,
My selfe could else out-frowne false fortunes fr
Shall we not see these daughters, and these siste

Lear. No, no, come let's away to prison,
We two alone will sing like birds i'th cage:
When thou dost aske me blessing, Ile kneele do
And aske of thee forgiuenesse: so weell liue,
And pray, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies, and heare poore Rogues
Talke of Court newes, and weel talke with the
Who looses, and who wins; whose in, whose
And take vpon's the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods spies: and weel weare out
In a walld prison, packes and sects of great one
That ebbe and flow by the Moone.

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*
The gods themselues throw incense. Haue I ca
He that parts vs shall bring a brand from heaue
And fire vs hence like Foxes, wipe thine eyes,
The good shall deuoure em, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make vs weepe? Weele see em st

Bast. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One step I haue aduanc't thee, if thou dost as th
Thou dost make thy way to Noble fortunes:
Know thou this, that men are as the time is;
To be tender minded does not become a sword
Thy great employment will not beare question,
Either say thou't do't, or thriue by other meanes

Cap. Ile doot my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy when thou ha
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so
As I haue set it downe.